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1. Poetry, American.
2. Washington and Jefferson college, Washington, Pa. — Faculty

NB1
To

TO THE

CLASS OF SIXTY-SEVEN

OF

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON

COLLEGE.

Stet liber hic donec, fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat; et totum testudo perambulet orbem.
Pragmatic Sanction, 1507.

NEW YORK:
PRINTED BY EDWARD O. JENKINS,
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1867.

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NOTE PREFATORY AND DEDICATORY.

An undergraduate in College may be presumed to have none too much time, and possibly none too much talent, for other pursuits than those prescribed in the Curriculum. It is, therefore, with some effort and with more audacity, that a small flirtation with the Muses has been attempted, of which the following are some of the proceeds. His fellow-students will probably look kindly upon the sly venture, at least

The Class of '67,

TO WHOM

DAT DICAT DEDICATQUE

THE AUTHOR.

WQR 19 FEB '36

A WEDDING.*

February 22d, 1776,

IN WHAT IS NOW WASHINGTON COUNTY.

"Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?"—HORACE.
"The best time for marriage will be toward thirty."
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
"The Single Man."—Dr. YOUNG'S "NIGHT COMPLAINT."
Night First, line 227.
"Τίμιος ὁ γάμος ἐν πᾶσι." . . .—ST. PAUL.

YE gentle Muses! whether throned upon
Parnassus, Pimpla, Pindus, Helicon!
Ye more than eight; ye only less than ten!
Haste to inspire and elevate my strain!
Come, blessed Nine! and (not to make a fuss)
If it be possible,—bring Pegasus.
Give me to quaff the cool Castalian fount;
And fix the girthing well before I mount:
Lest thy poor bard—his flight but scarce begun,
Be tumbled off as old Bellerophon.

* Read at celebration of Washington's birth-day, in Canonsburg, February 22d, 1867.

This much as invocation—'tis their due ;
And this observed, we turn at once to you.

Your humble bard would bring before you now
Some rude old customs of the long ago :
And since 'tis fair conjecture that this Hall
Holds many married—though by no means all—
And some that late at Hymen's Altar stood,
Some that have not, and some that, "may-be,
would ;"
An old time wedding, it has seemed to me,
Though plainly told might please in good degree ;
As it to some will sure in many ways
Suggest sweet thoughts of early nuptial days,
And other some may learn in truthful rhyme
What joys attend the Hymeneal time.
And further still, it must to all be plain,
That such a theme is signally germane
To this occasion,—while we meet to crown
His name with praises whom all time shall own ;
For had not two observed this sacred rite
Great George himself had never seen the light.
First ! to begin, we might enlarge upon
The curious customs of the dead and gone

Of other nations—other types of men—
Their marriage ceremonials, but then
It might prove tedious, and we know full well,
Thus many learned spoil the half they tell.
They state at length—till interest is dead—
Not what they *will*,—but, what they *might have said*
"Did time permit" or "the occasion suit,"
Or, "at some future time I hope to do it."
We pause not then to notice Greeks nor Jews,
Nor rites outlandish that a "Hindoo doos;"
(Hindu does,)
How when for marriage she is bid prepare,
The Lapland maiden raves and tears her hair;
How some wed early, and how some wed late;
(The Brahma worshippers at seven or eight.)
How in the land of "Araby the Blest,"
(Where eyes are seen while vailings hide the rest,)
If "desert gentleman" has chanced to meet
Some graceful maiden in the frequent street,
He makes inquiries, and e'er long, may be,
Finds out some friend she often "calls to see;"—
Hastes to the house—and stating plain his case,

Soon gains admittance and a hiding place:
She comes—unveils—and he, an hour or more,
Peeps through the key-hole of some closet door:
If pleased—he bargains—and before a week
The contract's signed and witnessed by the Sheik.
On these, 'tis not (as learned doctors say)
"Our purpose, hearers, to discourse to-day,"
Then general observations as to why
We stand obnoxious to the marriage tie
Might seem in place; and possibly excite
Some slumbering consciences to view aright
This solemn duty;—and mayhap, to take—
If not for love—the vow—for conscience sake.
Oh! is there here one past the point of life
When every whole-souled man should choose a wife!
Condemned he sits and feels in inmost heart
That his has been at best a selfish part.
Up Life's steep hill—how far more nobly done,
Did his strong arm support some gentler one!
To punish such, 'twere well could we renew
The wise old γραφὴ ὀψιγαμίου.
But we from these, though tempting, turn away,
And haste to tell you of the Wedding day.

Come back with us in fancy, to the time
When this good county was in early prime,
And to be definite,—suppose we fix
Some date—say February, '76,—
And bear in mind, 'tis not in distant clime
We place the actors of our truthful rhyme;
But these great hills that close us round to-day
Were stately witnesses of what we say;
And this sweet vale where Chartiers rolls along,
Gave back the echoes of the Wedding song.
But mark the change, in field and slope!—for then
Dark forests waved where now the bearded grain;
No sounds were heard, save wild bird's note of fear
Roused by the axe blows of the Pioneer.
No broad inviting turnpike crossed the hill,
No College stood here!—and no woolen mill
Could then suggest in sad and silent looks
That caution given in the "Best of Books,"
"That men in planning should consult their power
And count the cost before they build the tower."
No Railway * then with many a cut and fill,
(Thy meet companion, silent Woolen Mill!)

* Residents of the vicinage will recognize an allusion to two abortive public improvements which have tanta

In noiseless traffic over brake and brae
"Pursued the tenor of its even way."
How hard, poor Road! that thou in times like these,
Hast not one tie to claim our sympathies;
How meek thy builders were! 'tis plain to see,
'*Railed*' on by all they never *railed* on thee.
Pardon digression—for who could suppress
Some sigh for thee; oh, lengthy uselessness!
The day is calm, the sky serene and clear;
(Uncommon pleasant for the time of year!)
The timid snows before fierce Phœbus' ray
Have fled in silence o'er the hills away.
In hurrying groups the wild bird mounts on wing,
And Nature quickens as with breath of spring.
Before a Cabin, in yon deep wood's shade,
See! forming now a motley cavalcade.
What strange attires!—from stripling to full grown,
Each has a style peculiarly his own.
Stout linsey gowns, and stouter leathern shoes,

lized and mocked them for years. It is but justice to add, that since the delivery of this address, both these Institutions show some signs of possible vitality. If this be indeed anything more than seeming, the Muses' descent has not been in vain.

With buckskin gloves, and good substantial hose,
And home-made hoods, were all that maidens
then
Had to adorn, or captivate the men.
Their guards in moccasins and breeches stout
Of home-dressed deer-skin quaintly fringed about,
With linsey hunting shirts coarse, loose and long,
While button fast'nings were supplied by thong.
When saddles! bridles! (here, of course, we mean
A horse's bridle) were such ever seen!
Some hide, some cloth, some made of rope and
twine,
While one bold rider reins with twisted vine.
Our Bridal party this!—and in the van
The *inter spem et metum* happy man.
The cortege formed along the narrow road,
They set off briskly for the bride's abode.
And while the way permits them, side by side
With laugh and jest the buxom couple ride.
Some unasked neighbors, in revengeful mood,
Or bent on sport, secrete them in the wood;
And where thick bushes skirt the narrow way,
With arms blank-charged they wait the company.
And now behold approach the ambuscade

Each gallant wight and merry-chatting maid;
Now full in front, a cloud!—a roar!—a blaze!—
Bursts from each side—confounded, in amaze
The women shriek,—the horses plunge and fall,
And dire confusion reigns at once o'er all.
But soon remounted, no harsh strife delays,
(They took as jokes such things in early days,)
A scratch, or bruise, or else perchance a sprain,
Sums up the injuries—so none complain.
What weighty conversation passed between
Each happy couple, on the beauties seen
In towering oak and sky, or deep recess,
Those who go horse-back riding now may guess.
(For though time modifies the rude and strange,
Our human nature suffers little change.)
Perhaps, as now, a note of passing bird
Was straight pronounced *the sweetest ever heard.*
And straggling cloud, or hill, or stream, or tree,
Would rouse, enrapture, charm to ecstacy.
And comm'nest objects seen from time to time,
Be "lovely," "perfect," "exquisite," "sublime."

See! on yon hill-top full a mile away,
The happy home of her that weds to-day!

And now behold two gallants from the train,
With bantering shouts, give their fleet steeds the rein;
O'er hill and dale, nor brake, nor brush impedes
The daring riders and the flying steeds!
The race is close—they reach the intended's home,
And the first rider wins the flask of rum.
Possessed of it, he wheels and joins the band,
And quickly passes it from hand to hand.
Oh, shocking sight! oh, painful to describe!
The *fair* as well as *sterner sex* imbibe.

The wife and father in the doorway stand,
And greet each guest with hearty shake of hand.
The anxious daughter waits within the room
And gives them welcome as they singly come.
No wearying forms,—the sacred rite is done;
A few short words have made of two but one.
A sumptuous dinner on the board is spread,
Dried corn and deer-meat, pork and cabbage-head.
No need of condiments, to spice each dish
For those whom *liquor* had made *lickerish*.

No spoons of silver and no forks adorn
The frugal board—but these of wood or horn.
Some rough hewn benches furnish scanty seats,
And wooden trenchers serve the place of plates.
The Parson, tall, his solemn face relaxed,
Honors one end, the jolly fiddler next.
Close at his left along the table's side,
The happy bridegroom and the smiling bride.
The rest in order range themselves, and then
The blessing asked, the feast and fun begin.

The dinner through, the gallant beaus prepare,
Each one to "tread a measure" with his fair;
Part dance away till sharp fatigue they feel,
Then others speed them in the endless reel.
Nor rests the music though night's shades advance;
"Hang out till morning" is the favorite dance;
The seats are scarce, one here, one there, is seen,
Like angels' visits, few and far between.
But whether there was quantum or too few,
One chair in those days would suffice *for to*
(for two),
Uphold much greater burdens than the ways
Of fashion sanction in these latter days.

Long ere the "noon of night," in seeming play,
Two cunning damsels steal the bride away,
And mount the ladder that behind the door
Extends up through a darksome aperture;
The only entrance to the loft o'erhead
Where stands the rough-hewn home-made bridal-stead.
"No rest till morn"—(so Byron sings somewhere)—
"When youth meets pleasure"—and it proves so here,
Each one takes part—no "*wall-flowers*" *vegetate*
Though all grow *reddish* in the endless *beat.*
A sly maneuver; and behold the groom
Has vanished also from the crowded room.
Unseen his exit;—like the blessed dead!—
He passes silently to realms o'erhead!
The careless mortals heed not him that's gone,
But dancers dance and fiddler fiddles on.

An hour has passed; and up the ladder, see!
A trencher rise that holds enough for three.
The big round flask of liquor follows soon,
And they must eat as hearty as at noon.

Custom says "*must*," howe'er so much they bring,
And appetite's a secondary thing.
(A rude but ancient custom—facts convince—
In Athens married folk must eat a quince.)

In wild excess thus wears the night away,
Till cock's shrill clarion tells of coming day.
The wearied revellers, at length o'ercome,
Sink down to rest; as morn dispels the gloom,
And sable shadows lift from field and tree,
Like birds of darkness passing silently.

And here we now would bid the scene farewell,
Well pleased, if any, while we strove to tell
A simple tale of early western ways,
Have felt new thankfulness, that ere our days,
These coarse, wild customs of the times of yore
Have passed away to be renewed no more.

Cold is the heart that feels not gratitude
To that wise Power, which from the low and rude
Has raised society, and taught us how
In seemlier ways to celebrate the vow.

Oh! let us prize the blessings we possess
Of polished intercourse, where gentleness
And chaste reserve and tempered passion's power
Refine the pleasures of the social hour.

At Hymen's altar people still must bow,
But very different are weddings now.
The winning smile, the gentle glance replace
The rough comminglings or the rude embrace.

What blest refinements! and what prudent *stays*
Of law bind *livers* in these latter days.
What vast advancement! and how ill compare
Those early beauties with the beauties here!
Rude ways are changed, in which—peace to the dead!
Our rough fore-fathers and fore-mothers wed.

Lo! stranger changes we might pause to tell,
How *whoops* have changed from aud- to visible;
Now no rude sound the traveller appals,
But silent hoops and noiseless waterfalls.

Young man about to wed!—a caution please—
(And mark, we quote the words of Socrates,
When asked by one, who fain would change his lot;)
"My friend, you'll rue it, *whether you do or not.*"

To you Fair Hearers! many thanks belong
Who've heard so patiently this wedding song.
My parting wish is, that as this one, you
May all be wedded when you want to, too.

"THE PALACE OF THE DREAM."

"THEN Haroun Al-Yoborr revisiteth the pleasant field which had been noted to him by the lady, as that whereon it was purposed her new mansion should be; and falling asleep beneath some shade trees, he reareth for her in his dream, a great palace thereon."

OLD ALLEGORY.

How sweet unto the lover is the scene
Where he hath sometime wandered o'er with one,
Whose winning grace, deep eyes and tender mien
Still hallow every object gazed upon.

No simple flower, nor tree, nor slope, nor fell,
But his true heart can sweetly wake and warm:
For love sublimes in fancy's aludel
Each rude impression to a fairer form.

How to his ear the chide of summer streams
Repeats her gentle tones—in liquid strife!

How to his eye in airy vision beams
Her form in all the emphasis of life!

Oh! he hath never truly loved who could
Revisit such sweet places and not long
To stand upon the spot whereon she stood,
To press again the rest she leaned upon.

And would not feel his heart indignant burn
Against the robber warblers in the trees,
Who having stolen her sweet tones, in turn
Pour them for him as their own melodies.

This pleasure, lady, hath been mine; to-day
I sought the paths that we've together trod;
I crossed the well-known fields and musingly
Reclined upon the green and fragrant sod.

The low of kine, the notes of childish glee,
And all the gentle sounds that hymn the close
Of summer day came wafted dreamily
Upon my senses wooing to repose.

The meadow's balmy breath and less'ning light
Of early eventide at length overcame

With langour soft — I dreamed — and visions bright
Came trooping up and fancies without name.

Till a strange weird came over me, and lo!
With perfect vision gifted I could see
The angel bands that unheard come and go
Attending us, a viewless ministry.

Wing'd hosts with swift command were hast'ning down
From Heaven to earth on various service sent;
Some bearing riches, some bright glory's crown,
And some the guerdons of a wise content.

I saw the Angel of Prosperity,
In azure robed, her varied blessings pour;—
And white sails hast'ning from the farther sea
O'er tranquil way, came laden with rich store.

I saw the Angel of the Martial mien
Ennerve the warrior's arm for victory:
And then—his hosts with spear and armor sheen
Sweep to red conquest over land and sea.

I saw the angel of the Tender brow
Fulfill the prayer of one whose love was great;
And then I saw the lover keep his vow
And pour the treasures at the loved one's feet.

Ah me!—I sighed in bitterness of heart,
Am I alone of all without a friend?
In their kind ministry is there no part,
No share for me?—for me do none attend?

Oh! why may not some spirit from above
Bring me, too, treasures?—must I ever live
With no rich proof to offer of my love?
(For love's best proofs are in the gifts we give.)

The querulous lament was scarce expressed,
When close o'erhead the gentle sound I heard
Of rushing wings, and lo! a spirit blest
With gracious mien met my complaining word.

"Say, murm'ring one, what brings thee to repine?
(For I have marked the thoughts at work within
That doubting, discontented heart of thine.)
Behold in me thy help, thy paladin."

I heard in silence, with myself aggrieved,
And gazed with fear and gratitude upon
The bright ethereal, 'till my soul received
That sweet excess rare beauty gives alone.

Long golden locks her argent neck caressed
With shining robe and voice of heavenly tune;
A golden zonar bound her snowy breast
And circling bands of gold her sandal-shoon.

"Speak thy desire, for I have power to grant
All the deep hunger of thy heart may crave:
I'll bring thee stores of gold and adamant,
Or, if thou will it, gifts that live the grave."

My lips were sealed, and I could give no sound;
Conflicting wishes stifled utterance.
Her golden zone the messenger unbound,
And holding toward me bade me to advance.

"Take this, and with it hasten to fulfill
Thy heart's desires, and in reality
Behold those longings felt ere yet the still
Deep power of this weird slumber fell on thee."

"If thou wouldst here, upon this chosen spot,
Raise up a glorious fabric for the one
Thy soul delights to honor—doubt me not—
Stretch forth the zone, and lo! it shall be done."

With doubting hand the angel I obeyed,
And lo! no sooner was the signal given
Than countless bands in gleaming files arrayed,
Swept with rich burdens on swift wings from heaven.

In rapt amaze I saw the palace rise
Of richest gems and gold and marble made;
No sounds of labor echoed in the skies;
In silence they the deep foundations laid.

The lofty pinnacle, the minaret,
The column's jewelled base and capital
Blazed with the splendor of the dome that set
With golden stars constellated o'er all.

The storied frieze, the flowing tracery
Of the arched windows, deep and orient,

The tessellated paving, raptured me;
A palace matchlessly magnificent!

I paused within the pillared portico;
The soft and scented gales that swept along,
Bore mingled melodies so sweet and low
Of harp and voice, one rich concent of song.

Each massive block engraved with curious skill,
Bore blazened legends of famed sentiment;
And I enraptured read them o'er, until
I saw a chasm in the pediment.

I turned to ask the angel standing near,
If she had marked the strange deficiency;
An answer came in accent soft and clear,
Sad as the sound of distant minstrelsy.

"No, 'tis no oversight of those who laid
And reared this fabric after thy command;
No building has that wanting block if made
By human or by even angel hand.

"See 'Glory,' 'Honors,' 'Riches' carved upon
Those massy blocks of shaft and pediment!

Then hear the legend of the wanting one :
'I crown the home where dwelleth sweet content.' "

I woke—the angel and the palace fled!
While the low, westering sun with parting beam
Was flooding the far hills with gorgeous red ;
And I arose the better for the dream.

For now no more I'll envy palace homes,
Nor sigh for fame nor treasures to present
To thee my loved one, since proud palace domes
And titled riches cannot bring content.

And I will ask for thee, not boundless lands
Nor palaces—but gifts of heaven more pure
And portion in that "house not made with hands"
God's house, whose deep "foundation standeth sure."

No gift, save one, can e'er be understood
True love to mete—they only prove love's truth—

Save one, and He upon the cursed rood
Was the full measure of God's love and ruth.

So I would say, "'tis well," though on this land
The Palace of the Dream may never be;
No splendor framed by even angel hand
Could be the measure of my love to thee!

ADDENDA.

"Yᴱ ANCIENT BALLAD OF SIR JOHN."*

"Men of good and honest heart, blinded by zeal, or misled by priestly imposition, like *Sir John of the Ballad*, often very foolishly attempt to overcome dragons of evil in this life, in a wise far other than their common sense would dictate." Old Author.

"ὁ δράκων ὁ μέγας ὁ ὄφις ἀρχαῖος."

St. John.

The ringing laugh rose high, and all
Was joyous 'round and gay,
There strode within the banquet hall
A minstrel, old and gray.

He sat down by the loaded board
With a weary sigh of pain;
But a draught of the quick'ning wine
And his eye grew bright again.

"Sing us a song," said the Norman Duke,
"A lay of the olden time;
And let each ear with rev'rence hear
The aged minstrel's rhyme."

* Written for the Olio Circle.

Another sparkling draught he took,
And the glow of youthful fire
Came back; and his frame with passion shook
As he swept the trembling lyre.

His voice swelled forth in a fuller tone,
While the vaulted chambers rang,
And his face with kindling ardor shone
As the aged minstrel sang.

"I'll sing you of the olden time
A gallant Knight now gone,
And all shall hear the ancient rhyme
Of the bold and brave Sir John."

A valiant Knight was bold Sir John,
All in the North countrie,
And he loved Earl Gower's eldest child
A wondrous fair ladie.

And Lady Ellen loved Sir John
Full well as maid could love;
But ere she gave the Knight her hand,
She thought him well to prove.

* * * *

Sir John he knelt him at her feet,
And strongly did he pray;
She bade him rise, and, if he loved,
To hear what she would say.

"A monstrous boar runs wild," quoth she,
"All on my father's land:
And if you bring it's head to me
I promise you my hand.

"For one to wed an Earl's daughtér,
Must first his love prove true;
And ever will be brave for her
To something famous do."

Out spoke Sir John, "I'm brave to go
Without my arméd band;
And kill alone the boar that roams
All on your father's land."

Sir John rode early forth next morn
With naught but horse and sword:
He killed the boar, brought back the head,
And so made good his word.

But Lady Ellen, not content
With this advent'rous deed,
Said, straightway—"Sir, a braver knight
Had gone without his steed.

"I cannot plight myself to thee,
Nor give to one my hand,
Who will not peril fearlessly
His life at my command.

"For he may do a dangerous deed
And share in many a fray,
Who ready hath while on his steed
The means to run away."

Sir John was painéd to the heart
That he had done amiss;
And kneeling to the Lady fair,
He spake unto her this:

"Heaven knows my Lady Ellen fair,
I speak with conscience clear,
When I rode forth on horse this morn,
'Twas with no thought of fear.

"And had I known that so you willed,
I swear by all around,
I had gone gladly forth and killed
The boar upon the ground.

"And Lady, I would fain give test
Of fervent love for thee,
By daring deed, by hopeless gest,
In any land or sea."

"To-morrow you may come to me,"
Said Lady Ellen fair,
"When I will tell, Sir John, to thee,
What you for me must dare."

Next day, Sir John, in knightly state,
Rode up unto the tower;
And there without the castle gate
He met the Lady Gower.

He quick dismounts, and turning round,
He halts his armed band:
Then kneeling rev'rent to the ground,
He kissed her lily hand.

"Sir John, I greatly fear you'll rue
That e'er you came to-day,
For only fearless love and true
Will my commands obey."

The fiery heart of bold Sir John
Was stirred with noble pride;
"A true and fearless love"—quoth he—
"Is mine—let me be tried."

"My gowns and jewels, rich and bright,
Await the wedding-day;
Are you but brave enough, Sir Knight,
To my commands obey.

"Mount now your steed—haste to the coast,
And sailing o'er the sea,
Reach the land of the Dragon dread,
And bring a tooth to me."

A sudden pallor blanched his cheek,
But quickly passed away.
He kissed her hand, and mounting straight,
He hastened to obey.

* * * *

Sir John had reached the sea when, lo!
A gray-haired priest cried out,
"Why sail you, knight, so dark a day,
And where's your hasty route?"

The knight bent low and said, "I pray
Thy blessing be with me;
The dragon I'm sent forth to slay
That roams beyond the sea."

"'Tis well I met thee, gallant knight,
For though both old and poor,
My aid shall save thee in the fight
And make thy vict'ry sure.

"Take this most sacred box in hand,
And guard it well, I pray,
For with it you shall conquer, and
The monster dragon slay.

"Be brave of heart, for though so vast
It covers all the road,
'Tis only Satan's magic beast
Transformed from a toad.

" Dash this adown its open throat,
And ride with might and main
Straight toward the monster, and though huge,
'Twill change to toad again."

(The box contained of rosaries
Two very ancient pairs,
Seven relics from as many saints,
And six of Peter's hairs.)

* * * *

Sir John received the box in hand,
And, sailing o'er the sea,
Within five days he reachéd land—
The dragon's counteree.

He had scarce touched upon the grail
When, tempest-like, the roar
Of dragon swept through shrouds and sail,
And shook the ship and shore.

Sir John was bold and brave of heart,
And, nothing daunted, he,
Remounting, dashéd forth, all in
The dragon's counteree.

No steep ascent the brave steed shuns,
  But mounts, while all in sight
Lay ghast and bleachéd skeletons
  Of many a gallant knight.

Unburied each, and left forlorn,
  Where none might ever stray
To sepulchre, or *even mourn*,
  The *knight* that lost the *day*.

And he had climbed the hill high, lo!
  The monster met his view—
Five hundred feet in length, (my oh!)*
  And scales of every hue.

Its mailéd body spread about
  And covered all the road;
And brave Sir John did nearly doubt
  That it could be a toad.

And when he saw the monster yawn,
  With jaws ten ells apart,

* This exclamation is to be understood not of the harper, but of one or more of the guests. (Blauphgeitenhaupt, On the early Saxon Ballads. So others.)

That he did have the tooth outdrawn
He wishéd in his heart.

But shaking off the wholesome doubt,
His rein he gathers tight;
With sacred box, and sword and shout
He spurs unto the fight.

Like storm-swept pine, its tail in air
The dragon lashed around;
While bold Sir John, with hasty prayer,
Flies onward o'er the ground.

With flashing sword and flying leaps—
All fear of failure gone—
Full toward the yawning chasm sweeps
The bold and brave Sir John.

He nears the jaws! with sudden hand
He throws the box, and then
He plunged into the dragon—and
He didn't come out again.

* * * *

Through many a day to gloaming's wane
Did Lady Ellen wait,
And longed to see,—but longed in vain,—
Sir John before her gate.

Her wont was on the tower to stand,
And watch each distant speck;
Until one day she slippéd, and
She fell and broke her neck.

* * * * *

But scarce was the *strain* of the Harper through
(A serious *strain* it proved for him too),
When the guests rose up with a shout.
So raging mad were they all at the piece,
At the shocking wise of the Knight's decease,
(For they all expected—the Dragon slain—
The gallant Sir John to get back again,
And marry the lady he loved so true,
In the manner bold lovers usually do),
That they kick'd the minstrel out.

"MAJORA CANERE."

Now beware, ye fond lovers, of honest intent,
How you trust to odd boxes, or go where you're sent
By a maid—though you prize none but her glance—
With foolish commands, which your common-sense teaches
Would be far better honored by "*you in the breeches*,"
Should you never attempt their observance.

For maidens are given to trying their hands
At sending poor lovers to far away lands
With wonderful little reflection,
To peril their lives in the silliest causes—
Such as pulling out teeth from huge dragon's jaws, as
If a man's life were a "nothing at all;"
To be bandied about like a twopenny ball;
And his ready response, to each whimsical call,
Were the only true test of affection.

And you, gentle maiden, beware how you send
Your lover away to some tragical end,

To conquer great dragons or bring you back wealth.
But, then, should he go, do not, pray, change your whim,
And mounting high places keep watching for him;
Lest standing, perchance, in a too eager hour,
Near the outermost edge of some lofty-topped tower,
You should fall and seriously injure your health.

But jesting aside—honest sir, would you slay
The sins of the land? take a common-sense way
Of doing whatever you do do.
Rest soundly assured, the World's dragons of evil
Are full-blooded dragons, not toads of the Satan.
That easier methods, however inviting,
Of vanquishing vices, destructive and blighting,
Can never replace real, stout, honest fighting.
As you plainly perceive, in the case of Sir J.,
Who, had he but taken a common-sense way
And trusted his sabre, would never have been

So completely and sadly (poor man!) taken in;
Or, if overmatched, he had gallantly *run*
(A thing that is often courageously done),
The ballad had ended much better for one;
I may add, much better for two, too.

THE LEGEND OF CANTJUMPDOWN.*

"We must hang together or we shall hang apart." HANCOCK.
"I hung—" GODIVA. . . . . TENNYSON.
"Similem raro natura praestat, imitatio frequenter."
QUINTILIANUS INST. ORAT., Liber x. ii. 3.
(Nature rarely makes us simpletons, imitation frequently.)

SHOULD you ask me whence this story,
Whence this legend and tradition
Of the fate, so wild and fearful,
Of the mighty Indian hunter,
Of the Indian warrior Hungup,
I should answer, I should tell you
That I had it from the powwow
Awfulblower, an old prophet
Of the tribe of famous Hungup,
Who, in days of Hungup's glory,
Was a little boy, and often
Hunted with him on the mountains
Where he chased the bear and wild deer—
On the gloomy Mockyrountains,

* Written for the OLIO CIRCLE.

The dark, deep-wooded mountains,
Full of every kind of wild game,
That the heart of valiant Hungup
Loved so well to meet and conquer.
Knew he well the fate of Hungup,
Awfulblower, the old prophet,
And he told me in his wigwam
Of the fierce and fearful battle
On the gloomy Mockyrountains,
In which Hungup, though victorious
Over all his fierce contestants,
Over all that human prowess
Could subdue or overpower,
Yet before the Highfalutin
Monster bird of the Dark Spirit,
In the moment of his triumph,
Of his fearful, desp'rate triumph,
He was forced to fly and lose her—
Her for whom the deathful battle
Had been fought and had been ended;
Her who held the heart of Hungup
Captive and completely subject
By her every look and gesture,
By the power of her presence,

By the magic of her dark eyes,
By the long and drooping lashes
That, like rays of darkness, covered
And o'ershadowed their deep glory ;
By the sweet sound of her laughter,
Clear and silvery as the ringing
Of the rapid Flowalongdo
Where it falls among the ledges
Of the echoing Mockyrountains,
Making spray—and making music
By the sound of its own dashings.
By the whole of these together—
Not to mention many others—
She held captive (and, no wonder,)
Hungup's heart, the gallant chieftain.

* * * * *

Sitting in the winter wigwam
Of the prophet Awfulblower,
When the snow was on the forest,
On the bare and stalkless corn-fields,
And the lofty Mockyrountains
Wore their hoary robe of winter,
And the smile upon the waters
Of the laughing Flowalongdo

Had been frozen by the north wind,
All its dimples chained and fastened
By the cold breath of the north wind,
The old prophet Awfulblower
Thus began his wondrous legend:
"In the land of the Wayoffers
Were two mighty chiefs of valor,
Warriors who had been victorious
In most fierce and dreadful battles;
Who had vanquished, single-handed,
Each, with only knife and hatchet,
The great bears upon the mountains—
(Not the common nor the grizzlies;
Fight with these to them was pastime);
But they each had met and conquered
The huge naked bears, the dreadful;
Long again as any grizzly,
With no hairy coat or covering
But a white tuft on the dorsal
Column of their awful bodies.
Of these chiefs of the Wayoffers
Sawmylegoff was the taller;
He was straight and very proper,
He was swifter than the wild deer,

He was strong and brave in battle
Was the chieftain Sawmylegoff;
And he loved the only daughter
Of the great chief, Pullmysocon,
Heartsmasher, the forest beauty,
Pullmysocon's only daughter.
Loved he with a wild devotion,
Loved and longed but to possess her,
Loved the very ground she trod on,
Loved her head and eyes and shoulders,
Loved her lips and cheeks and bosom,
Loved the beads that hung about her,
Loved her moccasins and shoestrings;
And he even loved the fringes
And the feathers round her ancles.
All within her and without her
Loved the great chief Sawmylegoff.
And the other mighty chieftain
Was no less in speed and daring;
He was strong and well proportioned;
Every member, joint and muscle
Was well trained in Blowmynosoff.
With his scalping-knife and hatchet
He was fearless and was foremost.

In the brunt and shock of battle
Blowmynosoff was in glory.
And he loved the radiant maiden,
Pullmysocon's only daughter,
Heartsmasher, the forest beauty,
Full as well, and even *weller*,
Than the chieftain Sawmylegoff.

Sixty times the snows have fallen
And the north winds come upon us
Since the day when mighty Hungup
Sent his challenge to these chieftains
In the land of the Wayoffers,
Saying ere the corn was tasselled
He would meet them in Cantjumpdown,
High and wild and sheer and craggy
Summit of the Mockyrountains ;
He would meet them both together
And would slay them single-handed,
Who had dared to seek his maiden,
Heartsmasher, the tall and slender.
As the swift ships on the water,
As the arrow from the bow-string,
As the swoop of the fierce eagle,

Came with speed the mighty chieftains
From the land of the Wayoffers,
Came with speed and purpose deadly
Tall and mighty Sawmylegoff,
Swift and valiant Blowmynosoff,
To subdue the haughty Hungup,
To o'erthrow and vanquish Hungup.
Met they on the high Cantjumpdown—
Wild and awful spot for combat—
When the sun was quarter risen
And the mists of Flowalongdo,
Far below them, were ascending,
And in clouds, like birds of whiteness,
Vast and vague, were sailing slowly
From the dreadful coming conflict.
Wild and high the deathful war whoop
Of these fierce and eager chieftains
From the land of the Wayoffers
Sounded through the startled forest,
Woke the echoes of the mountains
With its loud reverberations.
Firm and motionless stood Hungup,
With his eagle eye upon them.
Not a sound nor signal gave he ;

Stood he as a statue standeth
(When some awful handy fellow
Cuts one out of stone or marble.)
Grasped with right hand was his hatchet;
In his left, the keen-edged belt-knife,
With his right foot planted firmly
In advance and well before him,
Stood he, looking proud and fearless,
Eager to begin the contest.
Blowmynosoff, aiming straightly,
Sent with fearful force and power,
Full upon the head of Hungup,
His keen hatchet; but far quicker
Than the flight of that swift hatchet
Was the eye and head of Hungup,
And the hatchet whizzing by him,
Only tipped the eagle feathers
That he wore upon his toplock.
Swifter than the ships on water,
Swifter than the flight of arrow,
Swifter than the swoop of eagle,
Sped the tomahawk of Hungup,
Cutting deep and cutting quickly
In the cheek of Blowmynosoff.

Down he staggers, stunned and bloody,
At the feet of Sawmylegoff.
Sprang he as the panther springeth,
Sawmylegoff, with his war-club,
Close upon the waiting Hungup,
Standing just beside a hemlock,
And, with club in dreadful circles
Swinging round, he aimed at Hungup
One fell blow, which should be fatal,
But the wary, wiry Hungup
Eying keenly, dropped him earthward,
And the pondrous club descending,
Missing Hungup, passed beyond him;
And the arms of Sawmylegoff
Coming full upon the hemlock,
Broken were above the elbow,
Broken short off near the shoulders;
And the pieces flying over
The steep precipice Cantjumpdown,
Fell and fell, and would have fallen
To the foot of sheer Cantjumpdown,
Had the lonely bird that dwelleth
In the ledges of the mountain
Not swooped out and caught and borne them

To her cavern in the cliff side.
From the chieftain arm- and harm-less
Hungup turned to Blowmynosoff.
Quick on high their knives were gleaming,
And, descending, pierced each deeply,
But the knife of Hungup deepest.
Fast they cut, and even faster
Hugged and cut they at each other;
And the handless Sawmylegoff
Kicks and punches Hungup rearward.
But at last the knife of Hungup
Reached the heart of Blowmynosoff,
And he sank before the victor.
Turned he then to Sawmylegoff,
To despatch the armless chieftain.
Sawmylegoff had his legs yet,
And was rapidly departing,
Willing to forego the contest.
Hungup sprang to follow after,
Far along the top pursuing,
Till they reached a dangerous gulley.
Sawmylegoff sprang to cross it,
But his foot slipped and he didn't,
Though he came so awful near it

That he scraped against the far side ;
But a sharp stick sticking upward
Pierced him through as he fell backward—
Pierced completely through his stomach,
Through the belt of hide that girt him,
Through his breeches made of deer skin,
Through the scarf-skin and the red flesh,
Passed through every *hate* within him,
Coming out through deerskin breeches,
Through the belt of hide around him,
Coming out and sticking over
Two long bear's legs' length above him.
Then victorious shouted Hungup
Awful loud, and even louder
Than the shout of the Wayoffers
(Who had shouted rather soonly).
Heartsmasher was his, his only ;
No one now would dare to woo her ;
He was left, his rivals vanquished,
'To pursue and to persuade her'
All alone. * *
But from far along the mountains,
From the highest peak along it,
Comes a dreadful, wrathful roaring,

And a monstrous terror-striking
Object rises and comes flying
As in answer to the shouting
Hungup made when he had conquered.
'Tis the bird of the Dark Spirit,
The tremendous Highfalutin.
He has come to punish Hungup
For the death of the Wayoffers,
(Who, it seems, were clever fellows
To the prophets of the Spirit,
Who were famous with their people
In the land of the Wayoffers.)
Swooped she down toward trembling Hungup;
And her wings were seven bow lengths,
And her beak was broad as Hungup
And far sharper than his hatchet;
And her claws would easy lap round
Twenty bodies like poor Hungup,
So terrific and tremendous
Was the dreadful Highfalutin.
Hungup started, and close after
Swooped the mighty Highfalutin;
And, behold, two little Highfa-
-Lutins came a screaming also,

Till he reached the very brink of
The precipitous Cantjumpdown.
Turned he then with woful features,
And began he: 'Bird of beauty,
You, the big one, must I perish?
Will you drive me? Oh, consider
What an awful jump it will be.'
But the bird was unrelenting;
And the dreadful Highfalutin
Then began her jaws to open;
And the little Highfalutins
Opened theirs to ape their mother.
Wide she opened them, and wider,
Till poor Hungup, choosing rather
To go down than to go in there,
Sprang from off the high Cantjumpdown,
Fell and fell, and would have fallen
On the rocks and sticks beneath it,
But the branch of a great pine tree
Caught his breeches in descending—
Caught him by his deerskin breeches—
By the strong and patchless seating
Of his well-dressed deerskin breeches;
Caught and held him there securely.

Faint with loss of blood, and hopeless,
There he hung and died suspended,
Hungup hung up by the breeches.
And the gentle breath of summer,
And the chilling winds of autumn,
And the piercing blasts of winter,
Long have swung and twisted Hungup.
Heartsmasher, his lovely maiden,
Often visited Cantjumpdown
When the summer winds were sighing,
When the scarlet leaves were falling ;
Even when upon the mountain
Fell the fleecy flakes of winter,
She would sit upon Cantjumpdown,
And her head and eyes be watching
Every twist and turn of Hungup,
As the wind, forever twirling,
Kept him winding and unwinding ;
Fast at times, and even faster,
Would the wild winds keep him spinning,
With his head and feet together,
Till the lone and frantic maiden,
Heartsmasher, the tender-hearted,
Shrieked, with arms extended wildly,

Lest the frail and slender holding
In the seating of his breeches
Should give way and let poor Hungup,
The dead body of her Hungup,
Fall upon the rocks beneath him.

There she died upon Cantjumpdown,
Looking on poor Hungup hung up ;
And they buried her in sorrow,
Heartsmasher, the broken-hearted.
Hungup, in the course of season,
Piece by piece decayed and fell out,
Leaving nothing but his breeches ;
And his faithful deerskin breeches
May be seen there hung up still, I"

B. LIEVE.

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